Twilight and Shadows

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Words of Twilight

Twilight and Shadows

MEANWHILE IN MINAS MORGUL.

WORD HAS COME FROM OSGILIATH, THE WHITE WIZARD HAS ARRIVED IN MINAS TIRITH.

WE ARE SO CLOSE. ONE LAST PUSH AND OSGILIATH'S DEFENSES WILL FALL.

WHAT ABOUT THE WIZARD. WON'T HE BE A PROBLEM?

NO.

Osgiliath

Wilwarin Quarter

Gate of Tulkas Victor

DO NOT STOP. CONTINUE WITH THE INVASION OF OSGILIATH. KILL ALL THAT STAND IN OUR WAY..

AS FOR THE WHITE WIZARD. LEAVE HIM TO ME.

I WILL CRUSH HIM.

THE THRESHOLD OF OSGILIATH.

THE MEAT BAGS HAVE RETREATED.

THE BOYS ARE READY TO FEAST ON MAN FLESH.

GIVE ME YOUR WORD AND WE WILL END THIS.

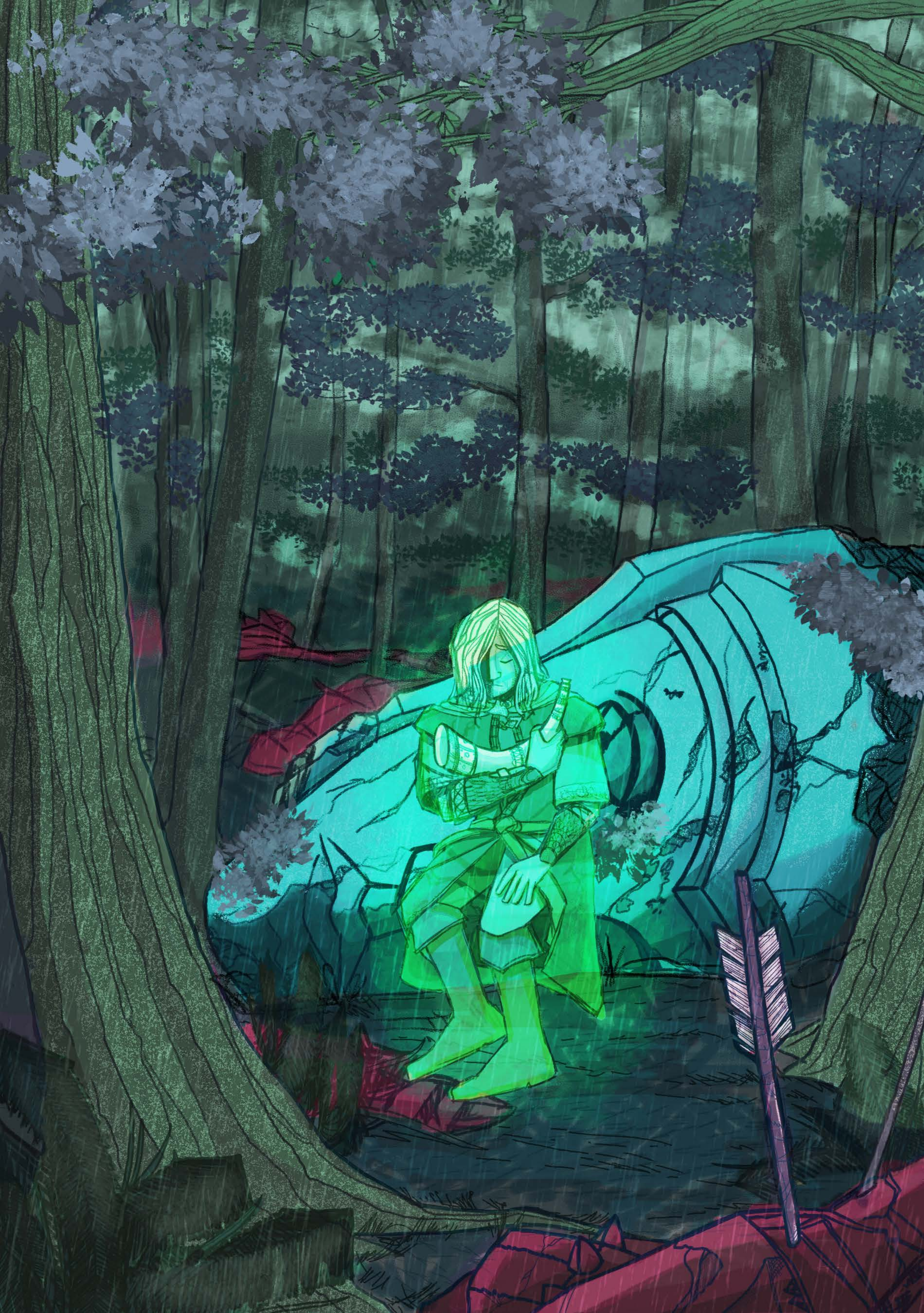
READY THE VESSELS WE ATTACK BEFORE DAWN.

THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM.

HAHAH...

THE AGE OF MEN IS OVER.

NEXT: THE FALL OF OSGILIATH.



Which Course is the Most Desperate?

YAM BITS

To Where the Sun Rises

by Peredhils

It was the light, or the shadows over the grass; her hair, glowing like sunset; or it was the breeze that went by, smelling of sweet flowers and wine; or it was the stretch of her arm, like milk, like starlight.

Anything, everything.

Elrond loved her.

And for lifetimes, epochs, that was all there was.

“Love,” Celebrían calls from the bed. The sun has only just risen, filtering through the windows with the breeze. She’s painted a warm yellow and her voice trills like a running stream. He knows that call—has heard it nearly every morning for the last thousand or so years, and eagerly awaits to hear it each time he wakes.

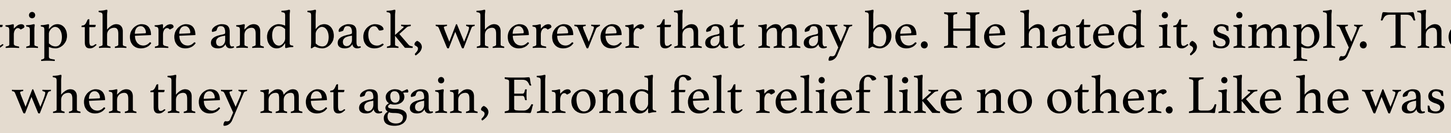
“Will you braid my hair?”

He’d been standing at the window, bare, waiting for Celebrían to wake. They’d had a long night. Elrond can’t hide his smile at the memories—it was like they were both starved beasts. Considering their brief departure, they were starved for each other. It wasn’t often they left each other’s sides, even if only for a small trip there and back, wherever that may be. He hated it, simply. They were but newly wed, still. Though, when they met again, Elrond felt relief like no other. Like he was truly home.

“Always,” he says, returning to bed. He slides in next to her, pulling her towards him. The silks slip from her shoulder and he runs his hands over her skin, kisses her collarbone. She smells of lavender, freshly picked. Elrond has loved that smell since the day they’d met.

He leans back, but not quite far. He wants to feel her skin against his. As he takes her hair and separates it, gently, she presses her hand to his leg. They don’t speak, but she hums quietly as the room warms and the sun rises.

She turns to look at him once, just briefly so as not to disturb his work. When their eyes meet, she smiles, all soft and kind.



He had not slept since she’d been taken, yet found himself often dreaming of her smile, her hair and the starlight above pouring over them, a river of milk and moon and twilight, even when he wakes.

Their sons bring her to him, cradled tightly to Elrohir's chest, in the middle of the night.

"It's mother," calls Elladan, voice a bell through the cold.

When he gathers her in his arms, she is shivering and small.

"They've been slain, father." Elladan touches his hand to her arm, colored a deep purple. Elrond holds her gently, trembling in the dark.

She is—as always, shining.

The moonlight slips through the window, which she'd left open to feel the wind. She had remarked that she missed the fresh air and the sound of the water outside. She'd said little else. Elrond feels wrong to walk into her room like this, but he reasons it away as making sure she's alright, still there, sleeping easily.

The sight is familiar but completely different. Many times, Elrond has come upon her sleeping in their bed, long hair spread over the pillows, bare body wrapped in their silks. But at the threshold of their room, he feels like he's in a stranger's house, somewhere far away. Her hair is shorter, something he hadn't noticed before. Her face is calm and lovely, but her body—Elrond cannot look at the scars across her back, the harsh red flesh—he wants to turn away, but he could never turn his back to her. He grips the doorframe, fingers aching with how long he stands there, wishing he could slip into bed with her, brush the hair from her neck and place his hand there. In the morning she would ask him to braid her hair and the sun would warm them both, as if she'd never been gone, never suffered as she has.

Elrond is unsure if he should stay or go. When things had quieted and it came time for bed, no one knew what was right, so he'd carried her to their room and told her he would not go far. He would make sure she was safe through the night, and that had put her to rest with some ease.

He settles for kneeling beside her on the bed, laying his head down and closing his eyes but not sleeping, not even when the sun rises and she stirs beside him.

They say nothing to each other and he wonders if she had dreamed. She turns her head towards him and does not rise. On the bed, their fingers are resting, not touching but not far at all. He wants to lay his hand over hers, say, my heart, dear heart.

When she looks at him, he aches for that soft light in her eyes is on him again, and he will never know happiness if it is gone.

Her departure does not come easy.

Although all the scars are gone from her body, her life and children returned to her, Elrond can tell she no longer finds peace in this land.

He knows not how to ask her or how to comfort her, for it is something locked so far away, still hurting and he—nothing in Rivendell or Middle Earth can reach it.

Elrond touches Celebrían's shoulder one night, the moonlight spilling over her as she sits up in bed, facing the night outside, and lets her feel that he is there.

“My husband,” she says, turning to him. “My love.”

Celebrían does not manage anything else before she is silenced by tears. He pulls her close and cries with her.

They know, then. Her healing could not be found here. Although Elrond made sure, for her life was his life, that every scar was banished from her body, her mind remained ravaged. It was a goodbye, cold and quiet and hard. She would bid farewell to her children, her husband, her parents, her land—everything would lay, forever sundered, in the east.

In the morning, she asks him to braid her hair.

“I do not wish for you to go,” he says, selfishly. It’s not his choice nor his place, but he cannot see her leave without her knowing. “My love for you has weathered centuries, many of them we weren’t even acquainted. I loved you before I ever knew you.”

Celebrían rests her forehead against his.

“Love me for centuries more,” she whispers. “Do not—”

“Nay, never. Upon my death my love for you will live on evermore. It will become the flowers in the garden, the water in the river, the warmth in the wind.”

Their time ran short.

“I will see you in every sunset, far in the west,” Elrond says into the crook of her neck. He breathes in deep, the smell of flowers, fresh lavender.

She kisses him once, twice.

“And I you, every morning. I will look to where the sun rises and think of you, my love.”

And in his heart there breaks an unhealable sadness that will dawn with each morning, crest with every night, and be forgotten not even in dreams.

Five hundred years.

Five hundred years, separated by sea. For someone who has lived as long as they have, those years would only be a blink. Just a passing moment. But Elrond has felt every single year pass like a deep, ever-bleeding wound. Every hour that passed, every sunrise and sunset that went by, was an eternity without her, and would be forever etched into his bones.

As he boards the ship and looks back, over the mountains where his home once lay, he feels those years coming with them. He can’t leave them behind, even as the boat leaves shore and they can no longer see Middle Earth behind them. Those years will never become a lighter burden. He doesn’t mind—they are nothing but a reminder. A testemant, even, to how much he has missed her.

He will tell her of their children, and detail every day that passed without her, and she can hold him while he speaks and he will feel her skin on his again.

The journey over sea takes time, but Elrond doesn’t mind. He’s waited so long already, this is no longer an ache, but the anticipation of something wonderful.

He is woken when the sun breaks and the shores of Tol Eressëa are in their sights. There is a small crowd at the docks, welcoming their loved ones in.

Elrond stands, letting the wind bring him the sharp smells of Aman. The Undying Lands, the place of refuge. He yearns for its soil.

On the shore, he sees a flash of long, silver hair, glinting the colors of the warm sun.

© sochika

Like Gold Fall the Leaves in the Wind

by Aowyn

The marble doors of Haudh-en-Elessar swung open on invisible, silent hinges.

Her breath caught. Aragorn lay radiant before her, the wisdom and valor of his long years lining his face with dignity, not decrepitude. She moved to stand by his side. Enerdhil's Elessar gleamed green and glassy on his chest; she trailed her fingertips past the jewel to clutch at his hand.

"Stay with me, Tinúviel," said he, "just a little while."

His strong voice betrayed nothing of his age, its rich timbre unchanged from the golden summers of their early days. That his youth seemed yet so vibrant in him worsened the empty ache of the sunken hollow in her stomach. If he were withered and frail, it would be easier, perhaps, to accept the inevitable end which lay before him. Either way, no craft made by flesh could deliver the spirit of a man from the Doom of his kind.

Her Doom too, now. She knelt by his side. Her husband's firm fingers intertwined themselves with her own, but the creeping shadow on her heart tightened its grip. Darkness like spider's-legs crawled down the walls of the ancient house in Rath Dínen.

"Lúthien's choice, a Gift—such pretty words for so cruel a thing," said she.

"Nay, not cruel, Lady Evenstar. Merciful."

He smiled, squeezing her fingers. The creases around his eyes crinkled. "Our Age has ended. Of the Dúnedain of Númenor, I am the last, and of the Elder Days in Middle-earth, only you, Elrond's daughter, remain. Eldarion shall take his place as the king of the dawn of Men."

Eldarion.

Adaniel and Annuwen, her perfect daughters, and Eldarion—*Eldarion*—now King, scion of Beren and Lúthien's antediluvian union. The children of their years of bliss, now full-grown, with the whole of an untried world before them.

Children of a time where her father's people were fairy stories and the Dark Lord in the East only legend. The empty silence out of Imladris and Mordor was the same.

"I cannot lose you," she said, voice a raspy whisper. Her throat burned as she blinked back tears. She held onto Aragorn's hand as if he would vanish if she let it go.

"Beloved, do not despair," he said. "My long years are come to their end, but who can discern what the One has in store for his Secondborn? We will meet again beyond the walls of this world!"

The Elfstone glittered as he spoke, and she shivered at his words.

Six-score years ago. Joy swelled in her chest as she beheld Aragorn crowned, her husband, her life, now King of Gondor and Arnor Reunited, the crown of his sires gracing his head. Resplendent. No power of evil, she thought,

her heart racing within her, could stand against such a giant of a man.

His grey eyes, exhilarated and unguarded, only for her. Here shall we abide, together, until the ending of the world, *his gaze seemed to say, needing no speech to convey what lay between them.*

Aragorn's chest shuddered and he coughed violently. Jolted back to the present, her eyes widened in alarm.

"For you I forsook ten thousand centuries," she said. "Do not leave me yet."

He turned his face towards her, mere inches from her own. His breath fluttered on her nose.

"The call of my forefathers is beyond my power to resist," he said. He raised a hand to wipe gently at her tears, though his fingers shook, and she leaned into his touch.

"It is my time," he murmured, "though this hard hour cleaves at my heart."

Her throat clenched and she bit back a sob. "The Powers themselves cannot sunder me from your side."

"Light of my heart," said he. "Death is not our final end!"

She kissed him for the last time, mouth warm under hers, bittersweet like tart grapes.

For him, she realized, *did I choose. For him, and no other.*

Now, perhaps for the first time, she understood Lúthien.

Her husband's eyes fell closed, and it seemed the room dimmed around her. She knew his eyes would not open again, so she spoke instead.

"I love you more than my own life," she whispered. "Aman or no, my choice is you in a heartbeat, every time."

His hand squeezed hers in answer as his last breath left him. She gripped his hands until the strength went out of them, and then let go.

I love you at the cost of my own life.

The light within her snuffed out. She shut the bone-white door of Aragorn's tomb behind her and did not look back.

The hollow trees of what was once Caras Galadhon clutched the ground with gnarled roots, dismal with a chill winter as she had never seen it before. Her bare feet sunk into the wet earth where drips from pale mallorn-leaves pooled and swirled the soil. Her grandmother said that flowers sprang up where Lúthien walked, but her descendant knew she was not so fortunate. No nightingale sang in these dead woods.

She fingered Barahir's ring on her hand. Almost two hundred years she had worn it, the ancient legacy of Aragorn's mortal line entwined with her own immortal heritage. The Elfstone of her house passed away with its name-bearer, and so too would his ring with her.

She looked through the murk of the trees to the distant hill, framed by scraggy mallorn-branches. The

golden wood of her childhood, heady with Galadriel's primeval magic and the intoxicating glitter of the Undying West, had dissolved into the discolored fog of memory. Once, the mallorn-trunks grew silver like her mother's hair, starlight caught between the strands. Now, their luster had tarnished into a dull grey. The dead forest of her mother's people seemed as tomblike as the Silent Street where her husband now slept among his sires.

"We'll meet again in the West," murmured her mother, lips smiling against her forehead. The salt-tinged air blew through her star-strewn hair; Eldamar's own silver strands, scattered with jewels, seemed a pale thing in comparison.

The forest grasped at the edges of her vision with skeletal fingers. She knew that Celebrían's ravaged mind found healing now in Lórien's slumbering gardens across the Sea, but this Lórien had lost its light. The weary tatters of the Eldar had faded into the West a lifetime ago.

What a strange thing it was, the anathema of a deathless creature dying.

"Forgive me," she gasped, the harshness of her voice in the wood's rotting silence ringing almost painfully in her ears, "Your daughter's choice was that of Lúthien."

A cold numbness crept up her legs, but she forced herself forward. Cerin Amroth grew closer, now, and her doom with it. She did not have much time.

The serpent-eyes of Barahir's ring glinted green on her hand, and she recalled the words of her troth in Caras Galadhon a lifetime ago.

I will cleave to you, Dúnadan, and turn from the Twilight.

She laid herself on the clay-cold crest of Cerin Amroth, the black grass coarse with splintered frost. Her soul longed for the halls from which it had been barred, and her spirit searched for the Straight Road, but could not find it; she drifted, lost on a path she had walked a thousand times before.

Even Elessar had his end. And so must Evenstar!

The last mallorn-leaves sighed and caressed her still form; her heart beat in the earth. The twilight of her mind gave way to shadow's embrace, and she breathed no more.

I'M SORRY...

Twilight and Shadow

Fluff

tithen

@derSalzbaron

Three Square Meals

by Amuk

Breakfast:

"You were serious about the second breakfast?" Boromir stared at Merry and Pippin as they sat on a rock, divvying up sausages and fruit. They had already made four piles of bread, unpacking whilst everyone else was gathering their belongings. It was a mess and not for the first time he wondered if there was any wisdom in bringing such small, impulsive creatures with them.

Despite their supposed ages, they looked and acted like children at times. Such as now, with Merry grinning cheerfully and holding out an apple. "Should we set some aside for you too?"

"No." Boromir frowned, rubbing his forehead. They had been traveling together for the span of a few days and he had a feeling his headache would be a daily thing. "How many breakfasts do you normally eat?"

"Four." Pippin said confidently.

"Five," Merry replied just as firmly at the same time and the pair stared at each other.

After a moment, they chorused together, "Three to five."

"That's…that's a lot of breakfast." Boromir glanced at their bellies. They didn't look portly, like some of the nobles in Gondor did when they'd spent their days feasting and nothing else. Though, he couldn't say the hobbits were particularly fit either. Merry and Pippin often complained about the hike, asking for breaks on an hourly basis, even if they were soundly rejected every single time.

Though they did keep walking despite their whining, so maybe they were sturdy at the very least.

Merry shrugged, returning to spreading jam on a piece of toast. "Not really. It's normal. What, do you only eat two?"

"One." Boromir, crouched, glaring at the pair. He was starting to feel like a baby sitter. "And you need to pack, we're leaving."

"Oh, come on!" Pippin crossed his arms and puffed his cheeks and Boromir could not shake the image of a child out of his head. "We're setting things so we don't have to stop for breakfast. We can eat while we walk."

"Yeah, do you want to hear our stomachs rumble?" Merry swished a butter knife in the air dramatically. "We're hiding in a bush, away from the dark lord, and then all of a sudden there's a loud awrrrrgghhhh because someone wouldn't let us eat?"

"We won't hide," Boromir stated, his hand on his hilt. Despite all the uncertainties of their travel routes and methods, of that he was positive. "We'll cut past them."

"Sure, you say that now." Merry snorted. Both hobbits were quickly bundling up their food piles and when had they finished preparing? They were surprisingly sneaky little things;

it was no wonder Boromir had never seen one before this day.

“I’ll say it then too.” Boromir got up, looking toward the sun. Toward home. It would miles yet before they were near Gondor, before he could even dream of Gondor, but they would get there. No matter what the elves or Aragorn had said, he was sure he could convince the group to stop by when they were closer.

“There. Set.” Pippin leaped off the rock, his bag packed. “See, no trouble at all.”

“Right.” Boromir laughed as the two hobbits puffed their chests with pride. All this over breakfast. “When I take you to Gondor, you’ll see why one breakfast is more than enough there.”

Merry furrowed his brow, a challenging smirk on his face. “Do you really think you can satisfy us?”

“You’ll be rolling home.” He ruffled their hair, ignoring their protests. “It’ll be a feast unlike any you’ve ever seen.”

Lunch:
“What is your home like?” Eowyn asked, rolling her shoulders back as she straightened her posture. Long rides were nothing new to her; the horse was almost an extension of her body at times, and she could move him through his paces in her sleep. The problem was the tedious pace, the days upon end where they trotted slowly across the kingdom. It was a long trek to Helm’s Deep and they couldn’t go any faster out of fear of outpacing their walking subjects.

It did not make it any less tempting to squeeze her thighs and urge her mount into a gallop. The wide fields ahead of them almost seemed to call for her.

Gimli twisted on his seat uncomfortably, his expression dour. His arms crossed as he failed to find any position he liked, and it spoke of his strength that he didn’t fall of the horse like that. “We do not use horses.”

He’d been like that for the past hour but she was pretty sure it was the elf sitting in front of him that was the real reason for his discomfort.

“That’s because you can’t reach high enough to sit on one.” Legolas smirked, glancing over his shoulder at his companion. “Don’t worry, the ground won’t be too far when you fall.”

“When?” Miffed, Gimli’s hand curled around his axe for what had to be the tenth time this morning.

Eowyn failed to suppress her chuckle in time and Gimli turned his glare to her. With a placating smile, she patted her horse’s neck. “They aren’t too bad, when you get used to them.”

“If you say so, lass.” Gimli still frowned, looking entirely put out.

“Why don’t we give him a dog; the ponies the hobbits have might be too big for him,” Legolas suggested, and she wasn’t sure at this point if he actually meant half his insults or he said them only to get a rise out of his comrade.

Either way, it always ended the same way, with the pair glaring at each other. Bloodshed seemed almost unavoidable now and she glanced at Aragon hopefully. When he merely shrugged, unfazed by the threatening atmosphere, she bit back a sigh. It fell to her then. Tapping her chin, she tried to find a neutral topic. It was close to lunch and her stomach grumbled softly. “What is food like in

Erebor? You said something about a feast."

"Aye!" Finally, Gimli grinned, wide and full of teeth. He puffed his chest proudly. "Come under the mountain, and you'll see a dwarven feast. Piles of meat, all cooked to perfection. Goblets of overflowing wine. Nothing is lacking."

"Burnt food," Legolas listed off, counting his fingers. Somehow, even that simple movement looked more graceful than anything Eowyn had done in her life. "Sour wine. Lack of vegetables. No wonder you're always in a foul mood."

"And you're a bloody rabbit," Gimli shot back, leaning back to look up at the elf. Some miracle kept him on his seat; any further and he would fall. "All leaves and grapes and your meat's undercooked."

"Or maybe you just don't know what proper cooking is." Legolas raised a brow, looking over his shoulder. "You know it isn't supposed to be black. Even charcoal has more flavour."

"You..." Gimli growled, setting off a tirade of proper fire techniques and maybe food wasn't as safe a topic as Eowyn had hoped. To be honest, maybe nothing was—she had a feeling that even a discussion about the sky would somehow end up in an argument.

At least it was entertaining.

"You got them started," Aragon sighed as he urged his horse next to her, clearly used to the argument. He clicked his tongue as the pair squabbled. "It'll be hours before they shut up. Even then, only for a few minutes."

The amused smile on his face said otherwise. There was a wild rush at seeing that, like racing her horse across the plain, like winning her first sword fight. She looked away. "And what about you, my lord? How do your people eat?"

"...nothing to talk about," Aragon admitted slowly. A hand rubbed his neck slowly as he considered the question. "We live in the wilds, so it's just wild game and herbs. We're not really known for our cooking."

And what are you known for? she wanted to ask. A king who was not king, a man who lived freer than she ever had. Even with her uncle safe, with her brother back, she felt just as trapped as she did back in that cold castle with Wormtongue leering at her. But the words were caught in her throat and she tightened her grip on the reins. "Neither are mine, we spend too much time in the saddle. Oh, but my mother, her stew was delicious."

"Stew?" Gimli tuned back into the conversation, interested once more. He leaned toward her and there had to be something supernatural that was keeping him on his seat. "Would that be a meat stew, lass?"

"Of course." She brushed a stray hair behind her ear nervously, before blurting out. "I'll make you some for lunch."

Dinner:
"Keep your hands from the pot!" Sam ordered, slapping Faramir's hands before they could touch the ladle. The sound echoed in the night air, drowning out the crackle of the fire. "It's not ready yet."

Faramir blinked. It was rare that anyone treated him with such familiarity. Even out here, in the marsh lands, he was still considered a lord, a de facto prince, since few believed the king would return. “I was merely going to stir it.”

“Oh.” Sam coloured, embarrassed. He twisted his hands nervously. “No offense meant, sire. Just that…well, my friends, they’d often steal bites while I cooked and I…old habits.” He offered a timid smile.

It was interesting to observe Sam. One moment fierce and protective, the next self-depreciating. Faramir could see a little of himself in the hobbit. “It’s fine.” He sat next to Frodo, who watched the affair with a tired smile. “Are you one of those friends?”

The hobbit looked exhausted, almost as dead as the land they threaded, but at this a small flush of colour returned to his skin. With a mischievous grin, he confessed conspiratorially, “When he wasn’t looking.”

“What?” Sam dropped the ladle, staring at him in surprise. A hand reached up, clutching his chest. “I could understand Merry and Pippin. But you too?”

Looking entirely unapologetic, Frodo shrugged. “Well, I was hungry.”

“Frodo Baggins!” Sam frowned, disappointed. Sternly, he pulled the ladle closer to him as though some mysterious had would steal it away. “Well, not this time.”

“Of course not,” Frodo blinked innocently, a beguiling smile on his face. He clasped his hands in front of him, looking troubled by the very thought. “Your stew is safe.”

Not buying it, Sam shook his head with a distrusting scowl. Lifting the ladle, he took a small sip and rolled the liquid around his mouth. He reached into his pouch, pulled out a pinch of some mysterious powder, and tossed it in. “Ok, this should do.” He grabbed a bowl and poured a spoonful of a steaming hot broth inside. “For you, sire.”

Faramir took the bowl and inhaled. While it largely smelled like any other rabbit stew, a few unfamiliar herbs flooded his senses. Whatever they were, it was a pleasant scent. “Smells good.”

“Thank you. Made it just like my gaffer did, a family recipe.” Sam smiled proudly, his hands on his hips. His smile dropped as he swivelled his head over to Frodo and squinted at him for a long moment. Grabbing a second bowl, he mused, “I think I’ll give this to Gollum first.”

Aghast, Frodo stood up in horror. Clearly, he had not considered the consequences of his admission. “No!”

“Yes!” Considering how much Sam hated the creature, this was clearly a sore point. With a sniff, he filled the bowl to the brim. “And then maybe for Faramir’s men and if anything is left over, then you.”

Faramir cracked a smile. “I doubt there is enough in there for all of my men.”

Sam pursed his lips disapprovingly. He stirred the pot three times, considering it, before conceding. “Fine. But Gollum first and then you. And if you steal a spoonful, that will be your last spoonful.”

Looking contrite, Frodo nodded. He clasped his hands behind his back. “I won’t touch anything.”

“I’ll watch him,” Faramir offered, chuckling as Sam trotted away in a huff. Meals with his brother used to be like this, warm and full of conversation.

Boromir. His eyes lowered, staring at the bowl in his hands. His brother, dead. His brother, gone. It was a strange thought, to know that his brother would never return to him, would never again stride through the halls with a laugh and a hearty wave.

“Faramir?” Frodo cocked his head, looking up at him in concern. He crouched next to Faramir, his hands on his knees. “Is something the matter?”

Shaking his head out of his thoughts, he stirred his bowl. “It’s nothing.” He took a small sip and his lips parted in surprise at the warm broth. It seemed Sam wasn’t all talk. “It’s delicious.”

“He’s a good cook.” Frodo sat, hugging his knees. Staring at the fire, he commented softly, “I don’t think I would have made it this far without him.”

Ah. The hobbits really did remind Faramir of himself. He had seen that exact look before in the mirror, while thinking of Boromir. “He’s a good companion.”

“More than he realizes.” Frodo added with a quiet smile. His fingers played with the folds of his pants. “He’s my best friend.”

His brother was his best friend too. No, Boromir had been his best friend. A dull ache came at the correction, at the realization that he had a lifetime of it. Faramir took another sip, the liquid carving a hot path down his throat. “Did my brother ever tell you about Gondor?”

“Yes, he wanted us to come.” Frodo nodded, chuckling. He glanced at Faramir. “He told us about your feasts. He said you’d have to roll us home after breakfast.”

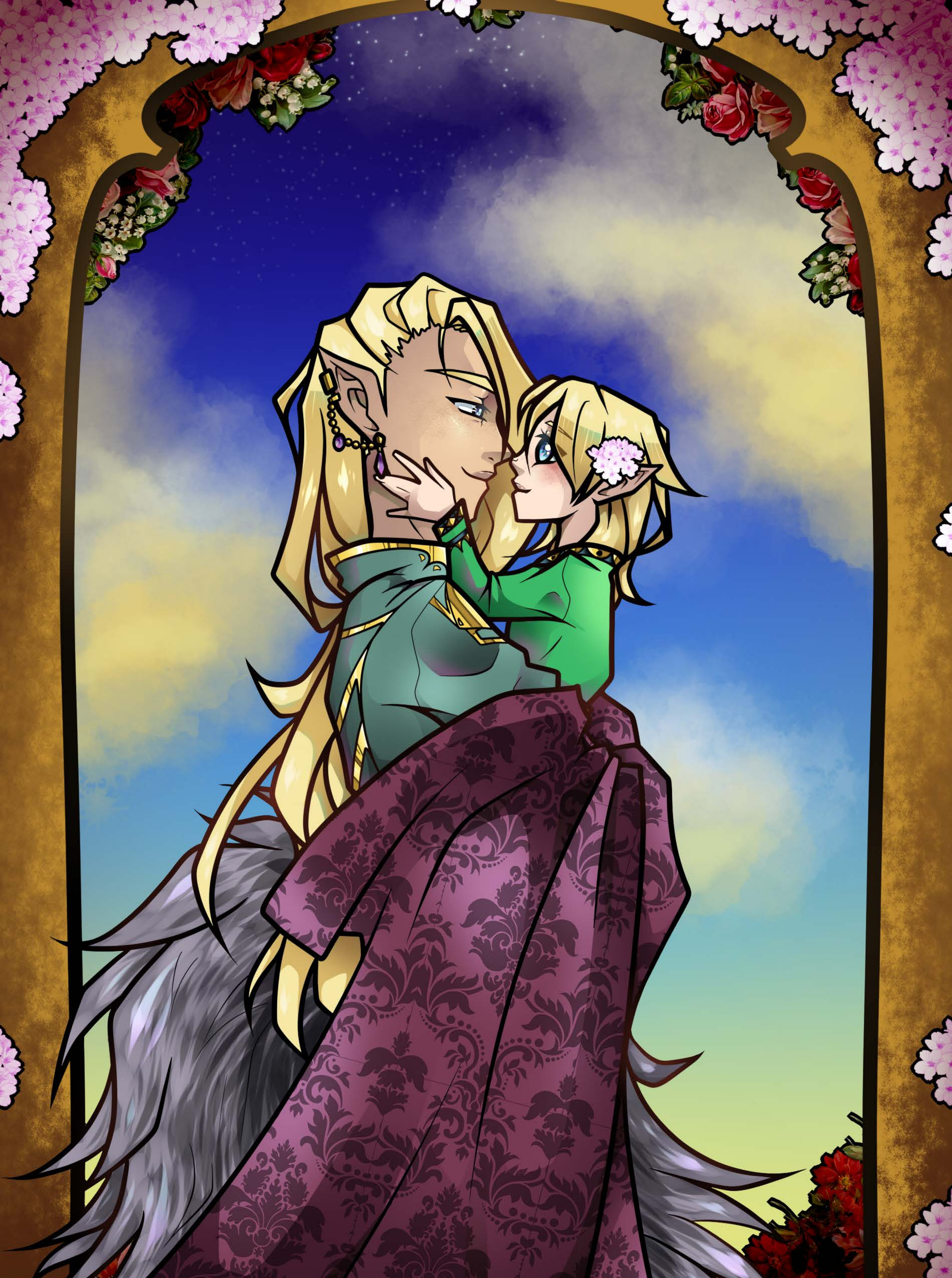
Faramir shook his head. That sounded exactly like Boromir. Always terribly proud of Gondor, even in the smallest of matters. “I’m sure he made us sound grander than we are.” He looked at the bowl in his hands, warmer than any meal he’d had in Gondor since his brother left. If a trace of this could return to the halls, perhaps his father could change.

Perhaps they could all change and become the Gondor his brother was proud of once more.

“It might not be as filling, but I’ll make breakfast tomorrow,” Faramir offered.

“Really?” Frodo snapped his head to stare at him, excitement crossing his face. “Ohh…Merry and Pippin will be jealous.”

Faramir could almost hear his brother’s guffaw.


Dirkah Perillo

Deviantart.com/PirateHeartbeat
03/2018
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thank you!

Thank you so much for taking a look at this project, we hope you enjoyed our fanzine! This was our first project, and we can't believe that we were lucky enough to have such talented and dedicated contributors. Lord of the Rings began our friendship in the 9th grade (we are so, so old now,) and we conceived this project as a way to celebrate the story that brought us together. LOTR is just one of those powerful pieces of media that has impacted so many people, and we wished to breathe a little bit of life back into the fandom. We would like to thank our contributors from the bottom of our hearts for taking the time out of their busy lives to create content for a free fanzine. This was such a fun project to run, and we wish everyone the best of luck in their future endeavors.

Mod Cobalt

Mod Grummpi